

# The Flustards & Other Stories

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# The Zode at the Fork in the Road

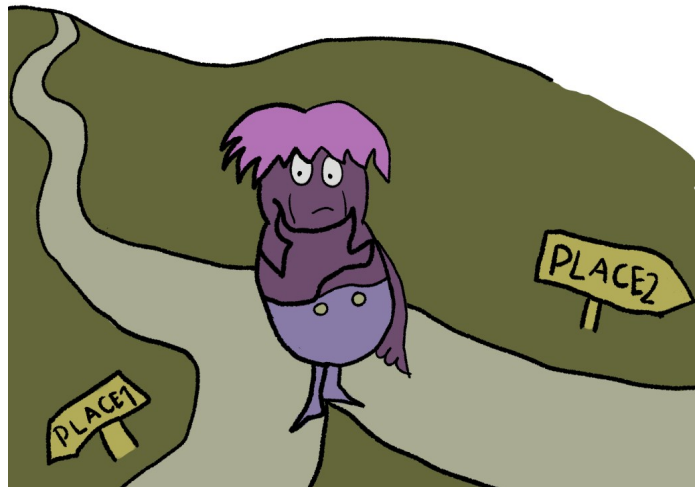
Did I ever tell you about the young Zode  
Who came to two signs at the fork of a  
road?

One said: To Place One. And the other:  
Place Two.

So the Zode had to make up his mind  
what to do.

Well the Zode scratched his head. And  
his chin.

And his pants.



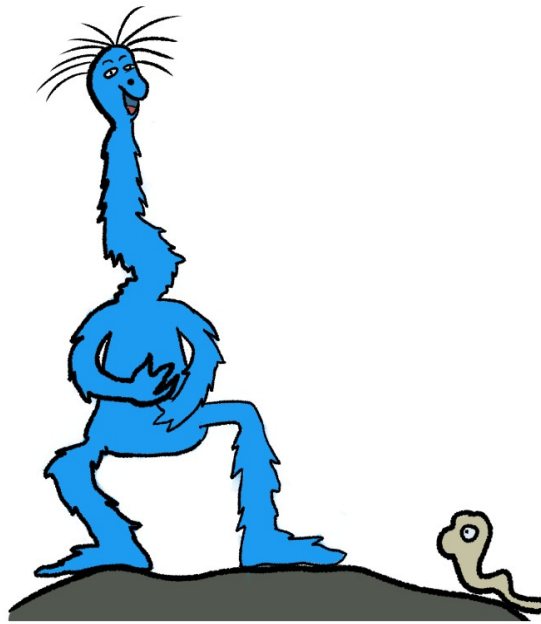
And he said to himself. "I'll be taking a chance  
"If I go to Place One. Now, that place may be hot!  
"And, so, how do I know if I'll like it or not?  
"On the other hand, though, I'll be sort of a fool  
"If I go to Place Two and I find it too cool.  
"In that case I may catch a chill and turn blue!

"So, maybe, Place One is the best. Not Place Two.  
"On the other hand, though, if Place One is too high,  
"I may catch a terrible earache and die!  
"So Place Two may be best!  
On the other hand, though...  
"What might happen to me if Place Two is too low...?  
"I might get some very strange pain in my toe!

"So Place One may be best." And he started to go.  
Then he stopped. And he said, "On the OTHER hand, though..  
"On the other hand ... other hand  
...other hand though...!"

And for 36 hours and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , that poor Zode  
Made starts and made stops at that fork in the road,  
Saying, "Don't take a chance. No! You may not be right."  
Then he got an idea that was wonderfully bright!  
"Play safe!" cried the Zode. "I'll play safe! I'm no dunce!  
"I'll simply start off for both places at once!"  
And that's how the Zode, who would not take a chance,  
Got to No Place at All, with a split in his pants.

## The Ruckus



On the top of a hill on the Island of Zort  
Lived a bird called the Ruckus, whose favorite sport  
Was making loud noises. It gave him a thrill  
To be known as the loudest-mouthed bird on the hill.

Then one day, he thought, "I can be louder still!"  
"My voice is terrific. It ought to be heard  
On many more islands than this" said the bird.  
So he made his voice stronger till one day, he found  
That he'd learned how to make a tremendous big sound  
That shook every island for fifty miles round!

"I say" laughed the Ruckus: "I am a great guy!"  
"But I can do better than that if I try."  
"I'll build up my voice. Why, I'll practice a year!"  
"I'll cook up a noise that the whole world will hear!"

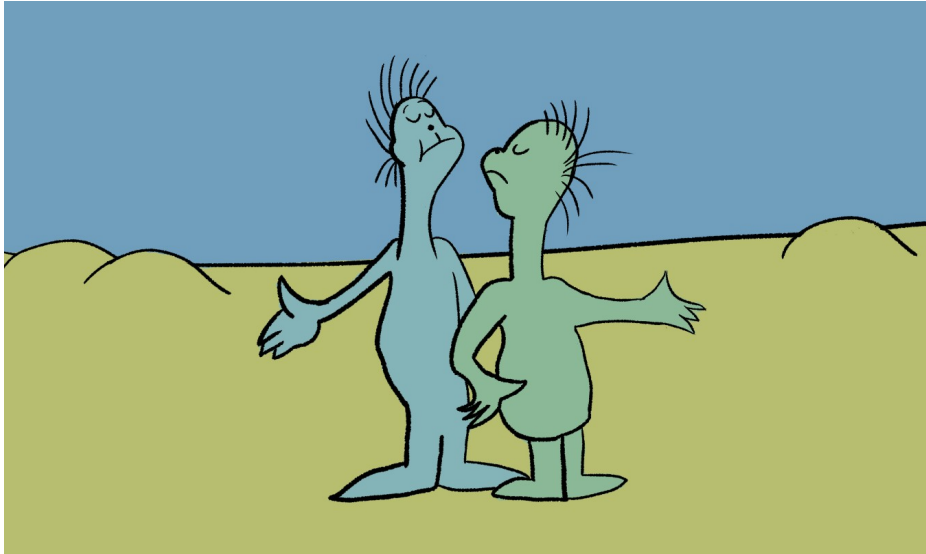
And after he'd practiced for fifty-two weeks,  
The Ruckus let loose with a mouthful of shrieks  
That burst from his throat like the moans and the groans  
Of ten thousand elephants blowing trombones!

He yapped and he yodeled! He yelped and he yilped!  
He gargled! He snargled! He burped and he bilped!  
And the sound went to China and knocked down three cats.  
And, in England, it blew off eight bus drivers' hats!

"Oh boy!" bragged the Ruckus "I'm really some bird!"  
"I've opened my mouth and I've made myself heard!"

Then a little old worm crawled up out of the ground.  
"That's true" said the worm "That was quite a sound."  
"But I have a question to ask, if I may"  
"You made yourself heard but just what did you say?"  
And the worm turned his back and slid softly away.

# The Zaks



One day in the wilds of the Praire of Prack  
Coming different direction along the same track,  
Came North-going-Zak and South-going-Zak.  
And, suddenly both of them to a place  
Where they bumped! And they stood.  
Foot to foot. Face to Face

And the North-going-Zak snorted, "Look here! I say!  
You are blocking my path. You are right in my way.  
I'm North-going-Zak, and I always go north.  
Get out of my way, now, and let me go forth!"

Then the other replied with a very sour mouth,  
"I'm a south-going-Zak, and I always go south.  
So I'm NOT in your way. You are standing in MINE.  
And, so, I command you to step out of line.  
Just a foot to the east or a foot to the west.  
And then I'll continue my journey, you pest!"

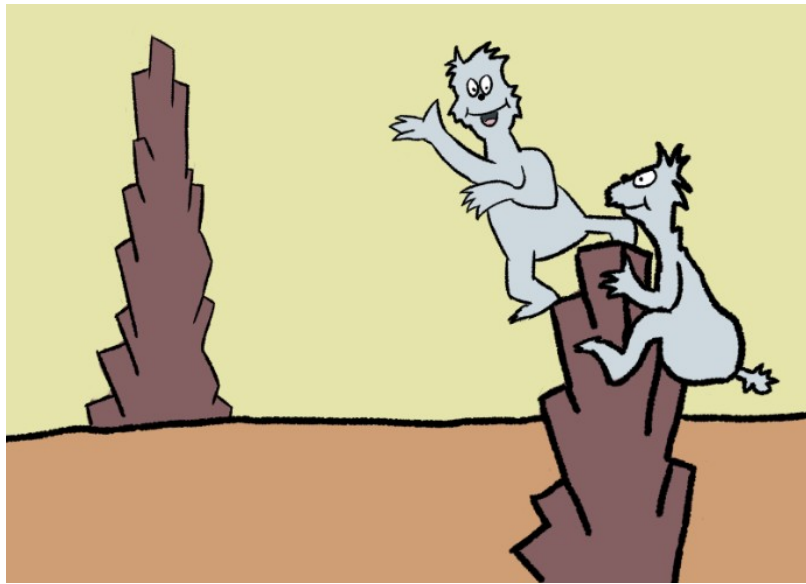
Then the North-going-Zak huffed his chest up with pride,  
And he shouted, "I can't and I won't step aside!  
Not an inch to the wst! Not an inch to the east!  
A North-going-Zak does not budge in the least!"

"My!" sneered the South-going-Zak. "My! My ! My!"  
You certainly are a most obstinate guy.  
And if that's how you feel, you will never pass by  
If I have to stand here on this spot till I die"

"VERY WELL!" yelled the North-going-Zak "SO SHALL I !"

And that is, exactly what both of them said.  
And they DID both stand there, till they both were quite dead.

# The Munkits



In the midst of the dusty, hot Desert of Dreer  
Stand a couple tall rocks. One is there. One is Here.

And

One day, two Munkits just happened to stop  
By the rock that was Here. It looked fine up on top.  
It looked like such sport and such wonderful fun  
That the Munkits climbed up on the top of that one.

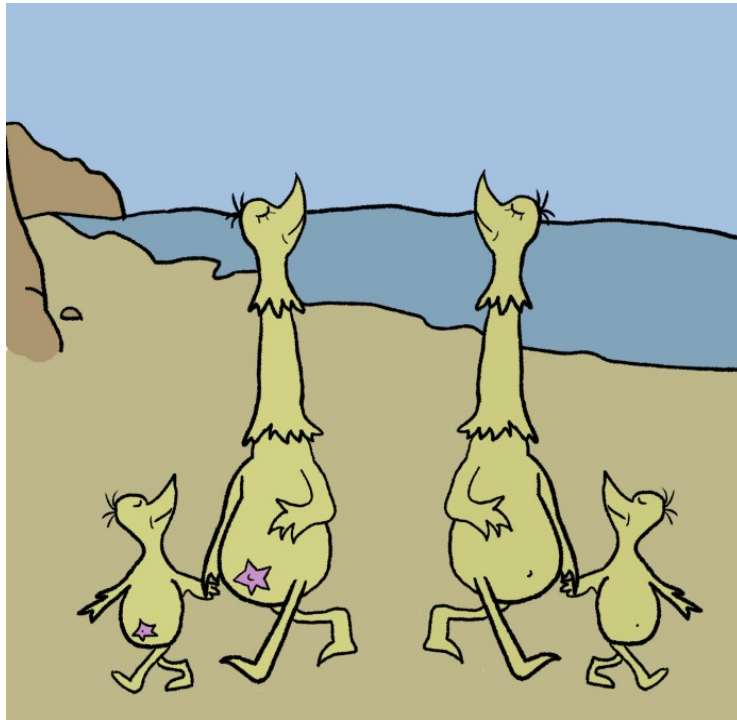
Then one of them noticed the rock over There.  
"Say!" he said, pointing far off in the air.  
"This isn't much fun over Here where we are"  
"I'll bet it's more fun over There, where it's Far!"

So the Munkits climbed down off of Here,, to the heat  
Of the simmering desert which blistered their feet,  
And they hiked many miles in the broiling hot sun,  
And they climbed to the top of the far-distant one.

But when they got up on the rock that was Far,  
Then one of them said, "Say! This where we are  
It used to be There. Why this really is queer!"  
It's no longer There,because now it is Here!"  
"So this far-away rock isn't Far! It is Near!"  
"If we want to have fun on a rock, I declare,  
We'll have to go straight back to Here, which is There!"

So the Munkits slid down off of There (which was Here),  
And they raced to the rock that was Far (which was Near),  
And those Munkits are still racing round there, I fear,  
Between those two rocks on the Desert of Dreer.  
And they never enjoy either rock where they are  
Cause there's always more fun on the rock that is far.

# The Sneetches



If you go to Aw-WawHoo  
And walk down the beach,  
You'll notice a sort of a bird called the Sneetch.  
In fact, there are two sorts of Sneetches you'll find:  
The Star-Belly kind and the Plain-Belly kind.  
The Star-Belly Sneetches have bellies with stars.  
The Plain-Belly Sneetches don't have them on thars.

Now those star,  
They're not big, They are really so small  
You'd think such a thing wouldn't matter at all.  
But, because of the stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches  
Believe they're the best kind of Sneetch on the beaches.  
Won't talk to the others! They pass them right by  
With their snoots high and mighty, stuck up in the sky.  
Won't ask them to go to their parties or sleight rides,  
Their ball games, their mashmallow roasts or their hay rides.  
And the Plain-Belly Sneetches,  
Well, they get so mad  
That they sometimes do things that are really quite bad,  
And they throw dreadful things at the Star-Bellies' head.  
Like oysters and clams and the springs of old beds!

How they fight on those beaches,  
Those unfriendly Sneetches!  
And all because Sneetches whose bellies have stars  
Think they're better than Sneetches with none upon thars.  
(And really, it's sort of a terrible shame,  
For except for those stars, every Sneetch is the same.)

# The Flustards



Of all the animals I've ever met  
The Flustards, I think, are the silliest yet.  
Poor Flustards! They spend every hour every day  
In front of their house in a most stupid way.  
Standing, Just standing. They're waiting, they say.

But waiting for what?  
Well, they stare at the sky  
Looking for things that will NEVER come by  
Like very small elephants  
Two inches high.  
They wait to see things that can't possibly come.  
Like five hundred bluebirds  
Inside a bass drum.

They stand and watch for things like these:  
Steering wheels on apple trees  
And roller skates made out of cheese  
And peanuts floating in the breeze  
And three-cent stamps on bumble bees  
And thimbles on the thumbs of fleas  
And icicles that never freeze.

They never have fun.  
Never play. Never run.  
They've never found out that it's terribly dumb  
Just to stand around waiting for things that can't come.